

SONGS,

DUETS, CHORUSES, &c

IN

The Children in the Wood,

A MUSICAL PIECE.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

HAYMARKET.

THIRD EDITION.



LONDON:

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1793.

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(3)

SONGS, &c.

The Children in the Wood.

A C T I.

AIR.—JOSEPHINE.

WHEN love gets you fast in his clutches,
 And you sigh for your sweetheart away;
 Old Time cannot move without crutches,
 Alack! how he hobbles!—well-a-day!—
 well-a-day!

But when Walter my trembling hand
touches,

And love's 'colourings' o'er my cheek stray;
Old Time throws aside both his crutches,
Alack, how he gallops!—well-a-day!—
well-a-day!

The Children in the Wood.

AIR.—WALTER.

There was Dorothy Dūmp, A would mutter
and mump,

And cry "my dear Walter, heigho!"
But no step she could take, I would my con-
fancy shake—

For she had a timber toe.

*And you fight for your weakness away,
Old Time cannot be without crutches.*

There was Deborah Rose, with her aquiline
nose,

Who cried "for you Walter I die,"
But I laugh'd at each glance, she threw at
me askance—

For she had a gimlet-eye.

(3)

III.

There was Tabitha Twist, had a mind to
be kissed,

And make on my heart an attack ;
But her love I derided—for she was lopsided,
And cursedly warp'd in the back,

IV.

Josephine came at last, to nail my heart
fast,

Firm as oak will I prove to my dear,
And when Parson Tether, has tack'd us
together,

Some chips of the block may appear.

B 2

DUET

(6)

DUET.

JOSEPHINE and Boy.

Jos.—Young Simon in his lovely Sue,
Beheld a darling treasure.

Boy.—Young Simon in his lovely Sue,
Beheld a darling treasure.

Jos.—The toilsome day before him flew,
For love makes labour pleasure.

Boy.—The toilsome day before him flew,
For toil makes love a pleasure.

Jos.—Oh! fie, dear boy, can't you discern,
'Tis love makes labour pleasure.

Boy.—Oh! yes, dear girl, I soon shall learn,
That love makes labour pleasure.

Jos.—Oh! fie, dear boy.

Boy.—Oh! yes, dear girl.

Jos.—Oh! fie, you can't discern.

Boy.—Oh! yes, dear girl, I soon shall learn,
That love makes labour pleasure.

But I am loath to sour sweet musick's
strain

Shall we begin?

Both { Yes, we will begin again.
Young Simon, &c.

DUET

DUET.

JOSEPHINE and APATHY.

Jos.—Great sir, consider my honour is
steady,

Apa.—Great sir, consider the dinner is
ready.

Jos.—An humble domestic is not worth
your care.

Apa.—Dear sir, give me leave to present the
bill of fare.

Jos.—Take a lady—

Apa.—Here's tongue—

Jos.—With honour—

Apa.—And mutton?

Jos.—If handsome and young,

Apa.—What a feast for a glutton?

Jos.—Dressed in boddice as fine, and in
kirtle so tasty.

Apa.—With bittern, and quails, and a fine
venison pasty.

Jos.—But ah! sir, beware
of jealousy—(*Apathy*)—and mus-
tard.

Jos.—

Jos.—Else you'll prove by your care,

Apa.—A goose and a bustard—

Jos.—Your love is too hot,—

Apa.—The mutton's overboil'd—

Jos.—My fame you would blot,

Apa.—And the pig will be spoil'd.—

Jos.—Believe me great sir, to my honour
I'm steady,

Apa.—And believe me great sir, the dinner
is ready.

AIR.—GIRL.

SEE brother! see on yonder bough

The robin sits,—hark! hear him now!

Listen brother to the note,

From pretty robin-red breast's throat—

Sweetest bird that ever flew

Whistle Robin, loodle loo!

Loodle loo, sweet Robin.

ACT

ACT II.

AIR.—HELEN.

Mark the true test of passion when a lover is
nigh,
It's hue is the rose—its language a sigh;
But when doubts interfere, and no lover is
nigh,
Then it's hue is a lilly, it's language a sigh.

AIR.—ALFORD.

When first to Helen's lute
I sung, as she play'd to me,
How came these, then, to shoot
A thrilling sense all thro' me?
O! 'twas love, 'twas love!
In my eyes it glisten'd;—
'Twould inspire a brute
To sing, if Helen listen'd—
O! my love, my love!

C

II. Why

Why call I with delight
 This ditty's plaintive numbers,
 To wrap my fair in night,
 And soothe my Helen's slumbers?
 O! 'tis love, 'tis love!
 Lullaby my dearest
 Care from thee, take flight,
 And peace thy heart be nearest!
 O! my love, my love!

AIR.—JOSEPHINE.

A yeoman of no mean degree,
 For thirst of gain and lucre he,
 A pretty babe did murder strait,
 By reason of it's large estate.

(11)

II.

To vex him to his hearts content,
To him the murdered babe was sent,
Full blue appear'd the candle flame,
And a knocking at the window came.

III.

His conscience sorely smitted him,
And made him tremble every limb,
With that the ghost began to roar,
And straightways burst'd ope' the door.

FINALE.

WALTER.

Have I sav'd this girl and boy?
Is't so understood, Sirs?
May I hollow, now, for joy—
Are we out of the wood, Sirs?

Chorus.

Have I saved &c.

LORD

(12)

LORD ALFORD.

Providence has smiled on me,
Happy I, as may be;
A father here—at either knee,
A rosy dimpled baby.

Chorus.

Have we saved, &c.

HELEN.

Fuller mine of mother's bliss,
Fuller nought can make it;
Since all to-night who witness this,
Seem kindly to partake it.

Chorus.

Have we saved, &c.

JOSEPHINE.

Now my Walter, I shall wed,
Gay my heart, and light, Sirs—

—WALTER.

And I my girl, have made a bed,
To fit us right and tight, Sirs—

Chorus.

We have saved, &c.